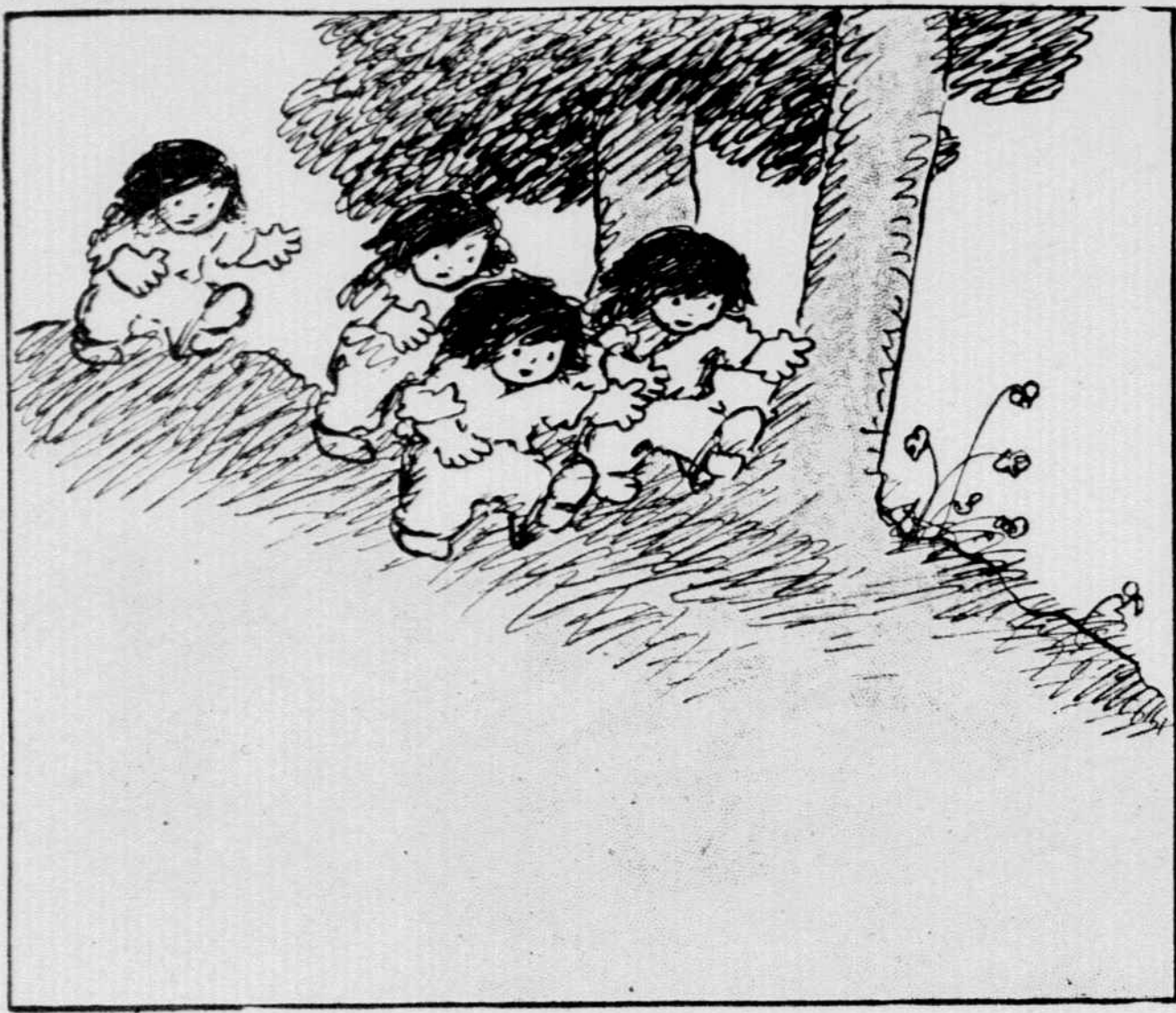
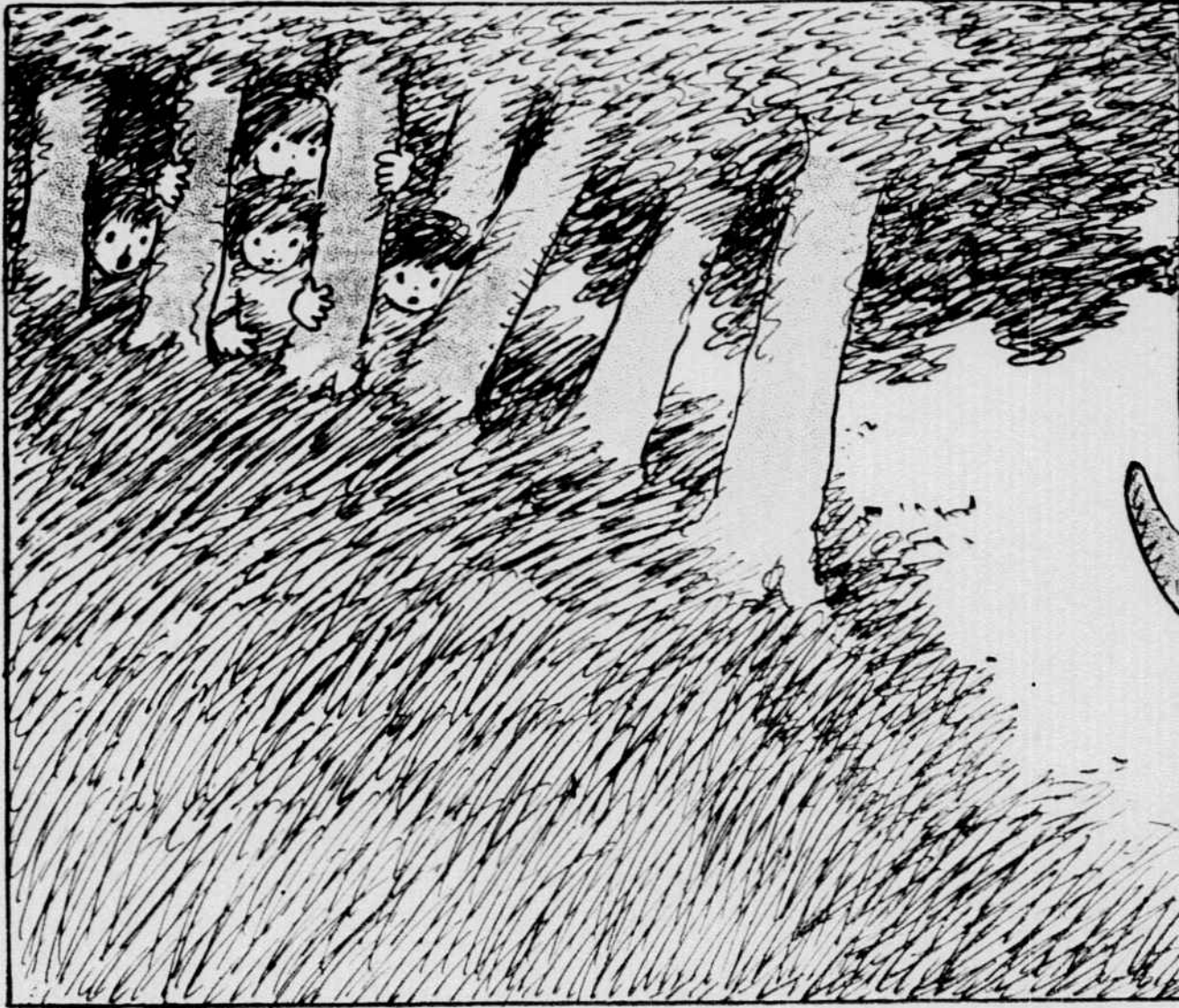


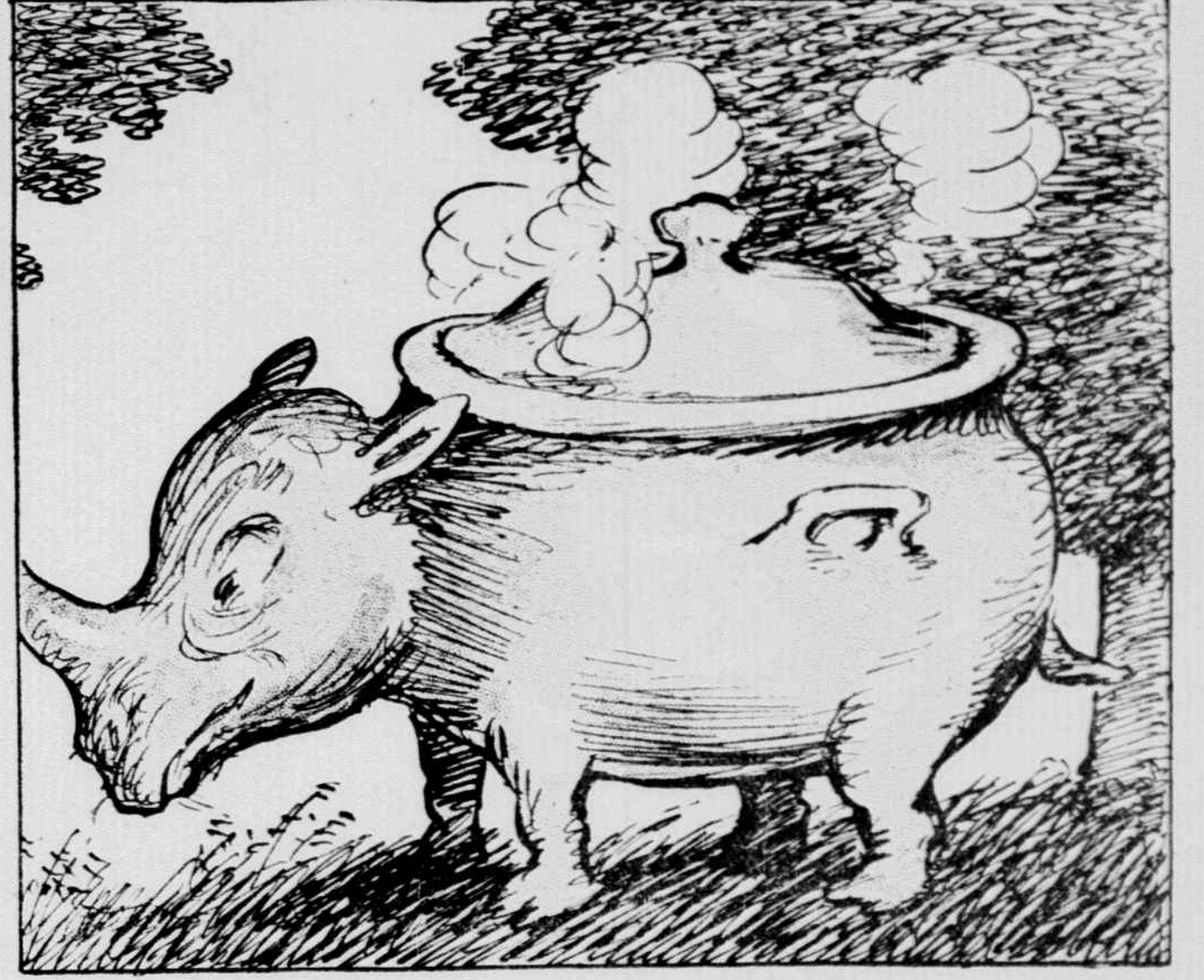
THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS



1—The Tiny Tads are walking on a mountain top one day. When all at once they stop and sniff. "What is that smell?" they say.



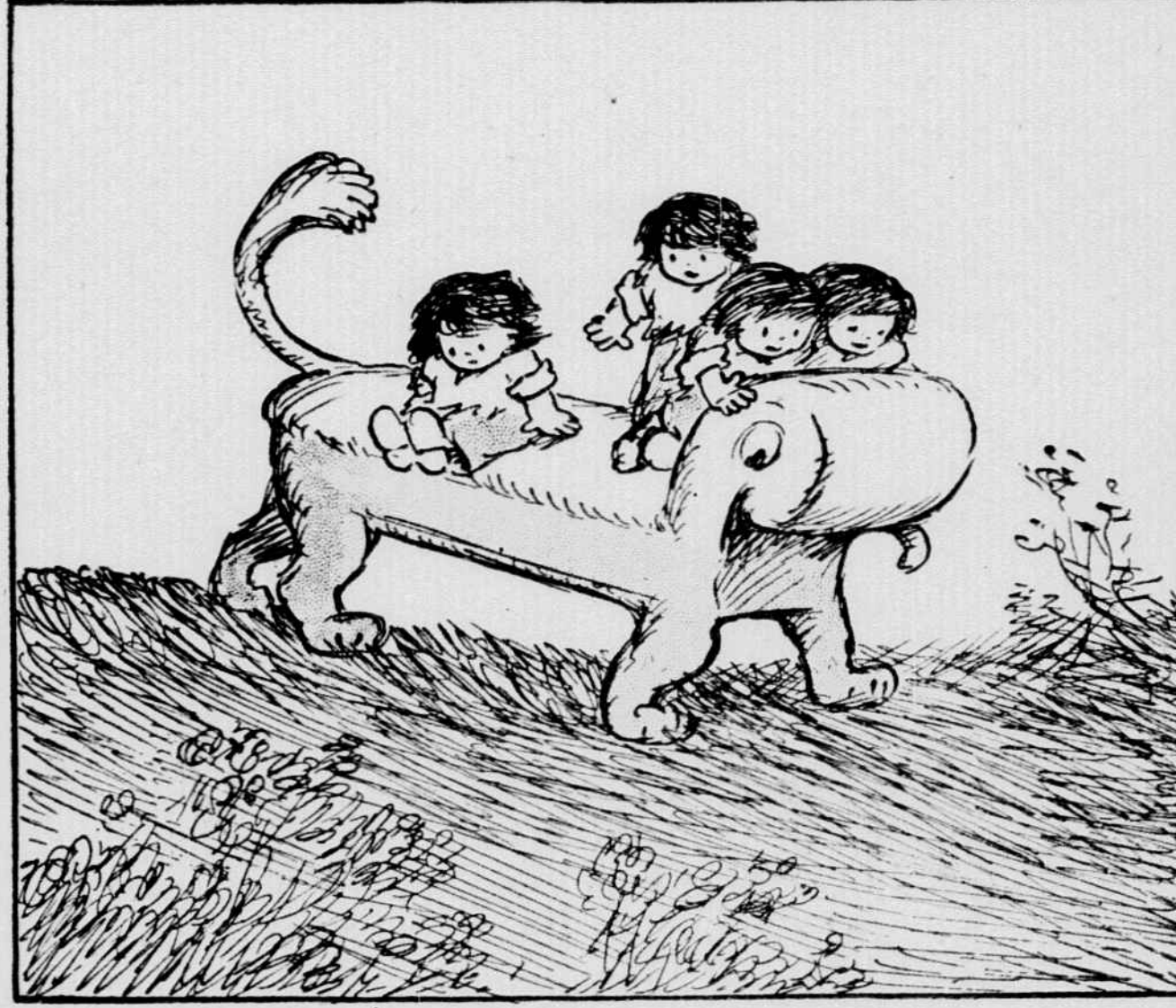
2—"What is that smell," they ask again, "that's wafted on the breeze. "And what's that porcelainimal that walks behind those trees?"



3—"It's a Soup-tureenoceros, and we are, oh, so dry! "We'll get some kind of bowls, and then we'll drink from him," they cry.



4—They drink from Caribouillon-cups (which is a kind of deer). They catch them in the meadow, as the picture shows us here.



5—That night a kind Divanimal conveys them to a pool. Where they can bathe their tired feet and get their bodies cool.



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6—"Say, fellows," says a Tiny Tad, "I have a sort of hunch. "To-morrow we'll be picking Consommaidenhair for lunch."

UNCLE MUN



COME ON DOT WE WILL TAKE A RIDE. EVERY BODY RIDES A BICYCLE DOWN HERE.



I GUESS WE ARE OFF THE HIGHWAY DOT. IT SAYS PRIVATE ON THAT SIGN.

NO TRESPASS PRIVATE



GOODNESS GRACIOUS! THERE'S A FEROCIOUS HOUND AFTER US! WE'LL FOLLOW THIS PATH-IT MUST LEAD SOME WHERE!

GRACIOUS GOODNESS!

Bow-wow! Bon-oooo



AH, HA, SEE THE ALIGATORS ASLEEP IN THE RIVER!



THEY MAKE A GOOD BRIDGE EH?



NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR UNCLE MUN?

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